

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXXVIII.

MARCH, 1883.

No. 9.

"John Inglesant."

PRIZE ESSAY, BY ALBERT P. CARMAN, '83, OF N. J.

NO NOVEL published in recent years has so puzzled the critics and suggested so many questions to students of historical fiction. To most readers it has been a complete enigma. Few have been able to reach any clear and satisfactory conception of the strange character whose acts and thoughts are delineated. Some have thought the author an agnostic; others find in his book an honest but unsuccessful attempt to present "the happy mean" between "the fopperies of Romanism" and "the slovenly attire of Dissent"; while still others contend that he delineates the "perfection which will be attained when the character is perfectly developed in all the beauty and fullness designed for it by God." The author's methods have presented scarcely less important problems in fiction. He has abandoned the realism which reached a climax in "Romola," and has sought to combine the charms of romance with the exact delineation of the deeper phases of life and philosophy which realism

has undeniably given. In this he claims to have developed the methods suggested by the novels of Hawthorne. But the New England novelist was as distinctively a romancer as a philosopher, and had little claims to being a historian. The author of "John Inglesant" is no less a historian than a philosopher, while his romance is only used to enhance the interest and power of his conceptions. "Let us condescend to this simple, touching art taught us by the Provençal singers," he says. "Let us try to catch something of the skill of the great masters of Romance, of Cervantes and Le Sage, of Goethe and Jean Paul, and let us unite to it the most serious thoughts and speculations which have stirred mankind." Whatever may be thought of the creed underlying this book, or of the methods for which its author has become sponsor, there can be no doubt of its literary excellence. Rarely has it been surpassed in its historical and religious research, in the force and beauty of its style, in the masterly conception and graphic delineation of the motives which mould the strongest characters, in breadth and richness of thought, combined with a literary taste which seldom errs.

The Puritan Revolution is a period which more than one of England's novelists have sought to portray, and it is no discredit to Walter Scott or George MacDonald to say that "John Inglesant" far surpasses "Woodstock," or "St. George and St. Michael," in the exactness and the boldness of its historical conceptions. The great merits of the author's study is that he has given a deep insight into Cavalier life and thought; portrayed that interesting religious nature found in such men as George Herbert and Nicholas Ferrar; and shadowed forth the religious problems of this past age as those still influencing each one of us. "Amid the tangled web of a life's story," he says, "I have endeavored to trace some distinct threads, the conflict between Culture and Fanaticism, the analysis and character of Sin, the subjective influence of the Christian Mythos. I have

ventured to depict the Cavalier as not invariably a drunken brute, and spiritual life and growth as not exclusively the possession of Puritans and Ascetics." He has thus confessedly given us but one side of that age, but he has chosen the side with which we are least familiar. We cannot but feel refreshed, in turning from the Puritan's strong but narrow life, to the study of the great religious problems which were perplexing the hearts of the cultured classes of the seventeenth century. "Good old George Herbert," the poet of "The Temple," was but one of the many non-Puritans who piously worshiped God in the Church, and in whom we find much to accord with our present conceptions of Christ and His Love. It is hardly necessary to insist that the Puritans presented too dark a view of Christianity. The author has shown that both have contributed to the higher development of practical Christianity.

The whole spirit delineated has been embodied in one character. John Inglesant must, therefore, be studied no less as a representation of his age, than as a creation of the artist. Endowed by nature with an enthusiastic and unsettled disposition, he was cast on an age of intellectual conflicts and political and social disintegration. "We call ourselves free agents," exclaims the author. "Was this slight delicate boy a free agent; with a mind and spirit so susceptible, that the least breath affected them; around whom the throng of national contention was about to close; on whom the intrigue of a great party was about to seize, involving him in a whirlpool and rapid current of party strife and religious rancor? Must not the utmost that can be hoped—that can be even rationally wished for—be that by the blessing of the Divine guidance, he may be able to direct his path a little toward the Light?" Thus the author has the blank pages of the boy's soul on which to write his conceptions of the age. Let us seek to read those conceptions. Let us bring before us this lad with his early training and nature, look at the deeds and motives which mark the man, and examine the principles shadowed forth in the developed character.

The boy was only a country lad, but in his veins pulsed the blood of honored and courtly ancestors; and, as he grew up among the decaying halls of his retired Wiltshire home, strange, wild fancies filled his young heart. The country was haunted by legends of a bygone age, and the boy was fascinated by the ideal world which enveloped him. The present joined with the past to increase the charm. An old schoolmaster, a Platonist, a Roscinian, and a believer in the magic arts, found in the lad an apt pupil, and taught him "that mysterious Platonic philosophy which, seen through the reflected rays of Christianity, becomes a sort of foreshadowing of it." His mind was filled with mystic theories of the beauty and harmony of spiritual existence, and of "the Divine Light." Above all he imbibed the Divinity of obedience. "Hear nothing but the voice of God, speaking to you in that rank in which He has placed you, through the captain whom He has ordained to the command," was the teaching of this Christian Platonism, and it was the one lesson which he never forgot.

The scene changes. A new and powerful character enters. The boy's nature undergoes a new development. The stranger is a Jesuit. He flits before us from time to time, calm, self-possessed and seeming to live in a higher atmosphere, but ever having a marvelous effect on his pupil's life and thoughts. Trained in an art of swaying and influencing men, which has never been surpassed, the Jesuit directs the whole energy of his mind to gain the entire devotion of the youth. "No fitter soil, I would wager, we could have found in England," he says upon first seeing John, and by the fascination of his conversation and the wealth and subtlety of his learning, he soon gained complete mastery over John's mental and spiritual life. A short time is spent at the quiet country home in further strengthening the allegiance, until the youth's whole being became as clay in his hands. "Death—nay, the bitterest torture would be nothing to him, if only he could win this man's

approval, and be not only true, but successful in his trust." Again he confesses: "I am not my own. I am but the agent of a mighty will, of a system which commands unhesitating obedience,—obedience which is part of my very being. I cannot even form the thought of violating it." "But, Johnny, it may be something that your conscience cannot approve," suggested Mary Collet. "It is too late to think of that," he said; "I should have thought of that years ago, when I was a boy at Westacre, and this man came to me as an angel of light." A few months later, and John stands on the scaffold at Charing Cross, facing the jeers of an angry Puritan mob, and it is strange how we watch and tremble lest he may falter in his allegiance. He is facing death with a lie on his lips, when the faintest breathing of the truth will set him free and rescue his name from the ignominy which now encircles it. Will he confess? Never once does he falter, though death seemed for that one moment to await only his refusal, and torturing years in the Tower came afterward. What is the secret of this? It is not to be found in such a religious joyfulness as shone around the dying Puritan, nor is it a conscientious love and belief in the King's cause, for he would have died just as soon for Puritanism, had the Jesuit uttered the word. The only motive seems to be his blind and fated submission to the Jesuit. But we instinctively feel that there must be something deeper than this. Otherwise we have been deceived in the interest which we have unwittingly found in John's life, and the story is a mockery.

If our delineation is not a failure, we have represented a lad with active mental power and mild susceptible disposition, roused by the circumstances and training of youth to an ardent longing for spiritual rest. His longing was yet the ruling principle of his life. He brooded over the lives of the Church's St. Theresas; he sought his desire in a close study of Plato; and, what is of especial interest, he visited Nicholas Ferrar, at Little Giddings, in the hope of finding

an answer to his questioning soul. The picture of Ferrar, the friend of Herbert, is an exquisite ideal of the ascetic life stripped of Romish superstition. Mr. Gardiner graphically describes this man and his life. "In Ferrar," he says, "the devotional spirit of the age reached the extreme limit possible within the bounds of Protestantism. Ferrar sought but a harbor from the changes of life. There was no striving after ideal perfection, no fierce asceticism or self-torture in him. His life was the application to himself of that dislike of mental and moral unrest which was at the bottom of Laud's disciplinarian efforts. George Herbert had much in common with Ferrar, but he never could have arrived at this perfect quiescence of spirit." John Inglesant was seeking the same mental, spiritual and moral peace as Ferrar, but his nature was different. Ferrar could live without the world. A life of romance and excitement was a necessity to Inglesant. Ferrar had no temptation to find spiritual rest in the awe-inspiring system of Rome. John was struggling nearly his whole life on the borders of the Roman communion. Indeed, we are led to believe he would have at one time entered that church, if it had not been for some innate prejudice implanted by the Jesuit, to gain his pupil's deeper devotion. Both Ferrar and Inglesant were enthusiastically and vitally religious; both sought the Divine Presence in the soul; and, above all, both were submissive and obedient to anything that would attain this end. Ferrar found it in a life which many thought Romanish,—in a life of consecration to prayer and religious observances. John Inglesant found it in his devotion to the Jesuit.

We do not say that John reasoned all this out, or that he even comprehended it. He found satisfaction in his devotion to the Jesuit. His conscience urged him to obedience, and to do otherwise, he felt would be to contradict the tenor of his life. Mary Collet, the feminine counterpart of Ferrar's spiritual life, beautifully expresses this idea: "It was not your poverty, nor the distraction of the times, nor yet

this mysterious fate that governs you, which kept you silent; poverty and the troubles of the times, we might have suffered together; this mysterious fate we might have borne together, or have broken through. No, cavalier and courtier as you are, *you also* have heard a voice behind you, saying, 'This is the way; walk in it.'" Ferrar says: "I believe that, according to the light which is given him, John Inglesant is following what he believes to be his duty, and none can say that it is a smooth and easy path he has chosen to walk in." Inglesant, himself, looking back over his life, in after years said: "I was trained to obedience and devotion; but the reason for this conduct was, that obedience and gratitude were ideal virtues, not that they benefited the order to which I belonged, nor the world in which I lived." Such is the secret of Inglesant's allegiance. Strange and incongruous it seems to us, but we can see the principle paralleled not only in the Herberts and Ferrars of that century, but in the life of a very great man of our own age,—John Henry Newman.

Once more the scene changes. The King has been executed and the Commonwealth is supreme. After a long imprisonment, John Inglesant has been released from the Tower. The Jesuit's mission had failed, and henceforth he vanishes from John's life. In his place—as the character ever flitting just behind the scene—enters Malvoti, the slayer of Inglesant's brother. Where shall John now find the spiritual rest which his devotion to the Jesuit so long furnished? About this time he stood beside the death-bed of Mary Collet, whom he had learned to love at Little Giddings, and as she pointed John to Him in whom her heart had found such peace and joy, "the light of Heaven that entered the open window, with the perfume of the hawthorn, was lost in the diviner radiance that shone from this girl's face into the depths of his being." He is oppressed with the life he is living. He longs for a life of holiness; but something holds him back. He hears Cressey preach, and,

as he listens to the eloquent monk's appeals for a life of holy sacrifice, he almost hears in Cressey's voice the voice of Christ. But Cressey's gospel is not in accord with John's nature. He longs for action, and Cressey would hide him in a monk's garb.

Upon Inglesant's life in Italy, we need not dwell. The memories of the Renaissance were still fresh. It was a land of magnificence in everything save human life. Music, Art and Love appealed to Inglesant's susceptible nature. Life passed as a dream. At times he seems to forget the memory of Little Giddings, and to lose his spiritual desires in the intoxication of Italian life. Little new or striking is developed in his character. His love of Lauretta; his forgiveness of Malvoti at the moment he had him in his power; the search in the plague-stricken Naples for the Cavaliere, whom he hated; his apparent interest in the teachings of Molinos, the quietist, afford new illustrations of his thirst for spiritual grace and rest. The outcome explains this part of his life.

John Inglesant finally finds, in the Church of England, the haven which he has so long sought, and where, to use his own words, "the devotional instincts of human nature are enabled to exist side by side with the rational."

In the light of this interpretation it is needless to say that "John Inglesant" is a contribution to recent discussions on the creeds of Christianity. The author contends that the Church of England, standing as it does, between dogmatic Rome and free Protestantism, blends the culture and spiritual rest and security of the former with the freedom and enlightenment of the latter. The author's recent essay on Herbert seems to sustain this view. He would draw a lesson from this life in the seventeenth century for the present. The "Oxford Counter-Reformation" was inspired by the same questions as those perplexing John Inglesant. The Methodist revival of the eighteenth century was like Puritanism, in being a great popular religious movement. It naturally

produced, as did Puritanism, much that a more enlightened and refined Christian sentiment deemed vulgar and degrading to a high spiritual life. Newman, Keble, Pusey and the elder Froude were moved by a reaction from the increasing "evangelical" element in the English Church. It is not for us to attempt here a criticism of the principles which sway such men. Doubtless there is more truth in this tendency, observed in Inglesant and the followers of Puseyism, than we are ordinarily inclined to admit. The author has introduced another element, which we doubt his having found in the seventeenth century, but which is a necessity in discussing present religious ideas. "John Inglesant" is certainly tinged with views kindred to those found in Seeley's "Natural Religion." Slight as this may be, we cannot help noticing it. Anyone who has read Froude's essay on "The Oxford Counter-Reformation" will readily perceive that the author of "John Inglesant" has much to agree with Froude's views. "If the beacon light is shining," says the essayist, "a man of healthy mind will not discuss the composition of the flame. Enough if it shows him how to steer and keep clear of shoals and breakers." Both advocate the English Church of the olden times for its toleration and culture, not as perfect, but as doing a satisfactory work.

The Insanity of King Lear.

FOR centuries all that was known of the continent of Africa was that it contained a mysterious inland river, now thundering over cataracts, now foaming under the lash of the tempest, now breaking in sobs upon its banks, and now sweeping along in solemn majesty to find rest at last only in the oblivion of the great deep.

But whence came it? To solve this mystery baffled the efforts of explorers.

It is so with the outbursts, the fury, the pathos and majesty of the insanity of Lear. Coleridge can trace its source only to "gross improbability," Ulrici to "insufficiency of motive," and Goethe to "absurdity." Had they looked beneath its surface and penetrated the depths of that first great scene, they would have discovered its tumultuous springs.

The latent dramatic power in Lear lies not in the mere exhibition of a madman, but it sweeps along a course of progressive insanity to a terrible eclipse of the reason. Insanity is essentially an emotional suffering. "In the initial period of the disorder, the emotions are always perverted, while the reason remains intact." "Mania may be extreme, and the disturbance of ideas apparently slight," (Drs. Tuke and Gibson). With the exception of cases arising from purely "physical causes," morbid emotion is essential to mental disorders. It appears either in the form of exaggerated passions, or in a chronic or abnormal emotional state, that evinces itself in the unbalanced and unnatural force of some one propension, in whose gigantic grasp the pillars of the mind are snapped in twain, and the noble structure is hurled into inmedicable ruin. No sooner do we pierce the darkness of Lear's insanity with the light of these sure though mystic laws of mental pathology, than we discover that ingratitude is a mere secondary cause, an accidental though tremendously accelerating agent, and that *madness* is the center of these whirling passions. What had been Lear's preparation for this sovereignty of sorrow? the terrible isolation of supreme sway. Uneasy throbs the brain that wears a crown! Its hollow circle is lined with a coronet of thorns that may goad to madness the towering personality of kings. Hypocrisy and deceit had poisoned Lear's judgment, and thus a singularly noble and guileless mind had been unhinged, and all capacity for true and clear discernment overwhelmed in the tide of an unchecked and tyrannical will.

Old age, that in some but cools the wayward blood and ripens the judgment with experience, in others, as in Lear, inflames the habitudes of youth.

Let uncontrolled passion melt its snows, and the reason will be swept away in an avalanche. The mere capricious "waywardness of infirm and choleric years," cannot account for making the division of a great kingdom, that had already been divided, dependant on the empty nothingness of the protestations of Goneril and Regan. Nor can it account for Lear's treatment of Kent and Cordelia, which we are forced to recognize as the first evidence of incipient insanity; otherwise, with Hallam, we must rob Lear of all nobility of nature, and regard him as a "headstrong, feeble and selfish being," capable of a contemptible trick, and of the most heartless wrong consequent upon disappointment at its failure.

The subsequent display of intellect becomes thus inexplicable, and violates high laws of dramatic art.

Strength is sometimes born of weakness, but not in the sense that *increase* of weakness brings forth strength. The *strongest* are those who wander *farthest*, and the *wisest* those who *suffer most*. Had "murder, foulness, unchaste action, or dishonored step," covered his gray head with shame and grief, then with some reason had he cast off his favorite, Cordelia, "without his grace, his love, his benison, unfriended, new-adopted to his hate, dowered with his curse, and strangered with his oath." "O, most small fault, how ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!" And Kent, who loved him as a father, who became a houseless wanderer to guard the fortunes of his beggar king—these two, without a fault that does not breathe of virtue, were forced to wander forth companions in innocence and misery, the victims of his eyeless rage.

What, but incipient madness, could thus "kill its physician, and the fee bestow upon the foul disease?"

This is not the baffled fury of a steady and irresistible current, but the premonitory eruptions of a fast disjuncting

mind, whose inner elements are being dislocated and torn asunder.

It is in the first stages of that primitive chaos which is to be consummated in Titanic eruptions of molten rage and hate, varied with utterances of profound thought, and buried at last in colorless delusion and incoherence.

His favorite child disowned, the affections of a morbidly yearning nature cling the closer to Goneril and Regan, whose wolfish ingratitude but serves to whet his passions on their stony hearts. With the not immoderate command of Goneril, to disquantity his train and restrain the riots of his followers, there comes the second manifestation of his failing mind.

He weeps, "beats the gates that let his folly in," and calls down upon her ungrateful soul "all the plagues that in the pendulous air hang fated" over unblest motherhood. The swellings of unreasonable rage break through the crust of age, and become frenzied in their intensity. Fast following on the very heels of this sad exhibition comes another and more infallible sign of approaching madness—that dread premonition of its fate so common to certain stages of the failing mind—and with it a recognition of unchecked passion as its cause in that pitiful prayer, "O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet Heaven! *Keep me in temper*: I would not be mad!" Too late, too late! For when Regan, the last refuge of his devoted love, strikes him most serpent-like upon the heart, and the powers of darkness become coadjutant to drive him forth from home and shelter to "hovel with swine and rogues forlorn," on a night "wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch, the lion and the belly-pinched wolf keep their fur dry," his changeful emotions are fixed into a master passion.

The pelting rain, the bitter blast, the crash of forest oak and pine, the gleam of the "thought-executing fires," and the reverberations of the thunder are a relief to the discord that harrows up his tortured soul. Ingratitude, "monster

ingratitude," becomes the seething center round which his changing moods dance with haggard fury. War, universal war, reigns triumphant in the world. "Fair is foul and foul is fair." Chaos in nature! Chaos in man! The fierce struggle for self-control is over; the disease has reached its climax; the King is mad! his mania, that has been thus far without mental aberration, has only lacked what the storm supplied, a "physical cause," to sweep it into the vacuity of unmistakable insanity.

But he is still coherent. It is not till his diseased imagination has embodied the joints of mere wooden stools, called them Goneril and Regan, and summoned them to justice, that he becomes a prey to delusion and mistaken personal identity. In this transition to mental aberration, the storm, the rage, the fury are gone.

Kindly madness has thrown a mantle of oblivion over his incurable sorrow. Is the mind then dead? Oh! formidable mystery! Oh! veiled paradox! It cannot die! It cannot live! What so complicated, so unfathomable, so infinite as the struggles of the human mind, as "matter and imperitency mixed," as "reason in madness," as incoherence with complex and consecutive thought! Even when reason seems lost in a total eclipse, when racing through the fields his mind has become the plaything of suggestion, when there has crept into his gay mania that involuntary retrospection, that powerful influence of external objects, that inability to correlate idea with idea, and that changeful temper that marks an almost hopeless stage of mental disease, called incoherence; even then his magnificent mind, by a sort of erethism, lights up with clear insight into human motives, large grasp of morals, profound acquaintance with the heights and depths of human nature, and an eloquence touching in its pathos and terrible in its power, and then sinks back like a spent meteor into fathomless darkness. "Thou hast seen the creature run from the cur? There thou mightest behold the great image of authority; a dog's

obeyed in office. The usurer hangs the cozener. Through tattered cloths great vices do appear; robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold, and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks; arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it. Get thee glass eyes; and, like a scurvy politician, seem to see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now; pull off my boots. Harder, harder; so."

But the dawn is breaking. Amid the strains of studied harmony and the sweeter music of his heavenly daughter's voice, the mists are rising, the clouds are fleeing; light has come. Love and rest have wrought a miracle; the buried mind walks forth from its tomb.

He who has had no home but the desolation of bog and moor, whose only covering for a head so old and white has been the kennel and the inclement sky, has found a home at last. All that remains are a few, quiet steps to a peaceful death. Alas! Not so! Lear and Cordelia, by the chance of war, are thrown into the power of the bastard Edmund; and Lear, who is just tasting relief from the tortures of the "wheel of fire," is rudely awakened from his dream of love and rest by the hurried tread of the executioner. The agony of the sight of his strangling child brings into his aged marrow the strength of delirium, and, bursting his shackles, his palsied hand smites the murderer to the earth. Ah, what a conflux of agonies has gathered round this father and his child!

Where are they—those witnesses and agents of his misery and madness? The heart of eyeless Gloster hath "burst smilingly."

The poison and the smoking dagger have rendered unto Goneril and Regan the keys of hell to keep: the bastard Edmund has gone to "front," before the bar of God, the witness of those bleeding sockets: the poor fool went to sleep at noon.

Lear is left alone—alone with the child he has loved most dearly and wronged most cruelly. His long white locks

intermingling with her soft, womanly tresses, the distracted father bends with grieving frame over the body of his murdered child. How piteously he pleads with the cold, insensate clay to come again to life! "She's gone forever! I know when one is dead and when one lives. She's dead as earth. . . . I might have saved her! Now she's gone forever! Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little." . . . His reason is clear at last—the parting gleam of the setting sun!

Breathlessly, but rationally, he holds the mirror o'er her marble features, and watches for her breath to stain its face and say she lives. But it throws back into his hollow eyes only the image of a corpse. With an agitation frozen into rest with horrid dread, he watches the floating feather as it now hangs poised for a moment upon the breathless air, and then sinks like lead upon the quiet lips. "No, no, no life! Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, and thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more. Never! never! never! never! never!" The weary, weary heart, the tortured spirit and the ruined mind have rest. The Mad King's dead. "Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass! He hates him that would upon the rack of this tough world stretch him out longer."

Μηδὲν ἄγαν.

BIND speed to moderation: so unite
 Sureness with zeal, impulse with steady aim,
 That neither can recrimination claim
 From other's forwardness. Thy heart excite
 To highest boundings after truth and right;
 Outleaping sense, scorning both praise and blame;
 But keep within achievement and the name
 Of real proportion. An instructive sight
 Was the torch-race in Athens once a year.
 He who to goal first brought his lighted brand
 Was victor. See the flambeaus start abreast!
 One, all too swiftly born, draws near
 Its destination; but the speed has fanned
 Death to it;—and another's carried best.

The Term "Anglican."

THE dominating race of the nineteenth century is composed of several nations, and peoples every clime. Its heart and nervous center are in the British Isles, and thence radiate to the remotest lands influences, which are controlling the destinies of the world. In each continent the most enlightened portion is populated or ruled by the same race that left the northern shores of Germany to settle in Britain, and part of whom again migrated to the new continent, which was to see a re-establishment of English liberty.

This race of races, this prime mover among the nations of the nineteenth century, has no historic or generic name which is universally accepted! How poverty-stricken language sometimes proves itself! In a paper in the last *LIT.* we tried to show how inefficient and misleading was the term Anglo-Saxon when used for this purpose. The discussion is scarcely complete if we do not go a step further than mere destructive criticism.

The dear old word English, loved by every one of the race, in all ages, at once presents itself as applicant for this service. An eminent critic of Mr. E. A. Freeman says of him: "He has exerted a more powerful influence upon his generation than, perhaps, any other historian who ever lived;" and no one idea is so peculiarly his own, no idea is so impressed upon every page of his works as the love he bears this word. To him there is an "Old England" on the shores of the German Ocean, a "Middle England" in the British Isles, and a "New England" covering the Western Continent. There is an old English and a modern English tongue, and to him an Anglo-Saxon language never existed. The history of the English race and language dates back of the Conquest. To him, and to his followers, already growing numerous, the race is the same, ancient and modern, eastern and western, in Britain and the colonies, in America

and Australia. With convincing logic, backed by exact learning and wide research, Mr. Freeman establishes his positions and maintains them without dogmatism.

Against his broad use of the word English, there is no ground of objection, historical or linguistic. But there is an important, and, we believe, a fatal objection, founded upon circumstances which give the word a narrower sense, of which it cannot be dispossessed, and which oftentimes renders Freeman's use of it ambiguous.

The inhabitant of the southern half of Britain will necessarily have a peculiar title to the name of Englishman. He must be called English whenever a contrast is drawn between the inhabitants of the northern and southern half of the island. English, in this sense, is not co-extensive with British. It is the species; the latter, the genus. Hence, British cannot take its place (as some have proposed), even if there were no other objections to such an arrangement. In this narrow sense, there is no other word that can be substituted for it, and if such a word did exist, the name of the country would still cling to its inhabitants. Is it not, then, asking too much of the single term, English, to use it thus in one case as species of the genus British, and in the other as genus of the species British? Outside, therefore, of historic ground, or linguistic objection, we can find enough which will render the adoption of Mr. Freeman's terminology extremely unlikely and somewhat undesirable. The riddle is yet unsolved.

In the works of Francis Lieber a word is used which seems to us to be the key which will release us from our difficulties. He does not advocate its claims with much enthusiasm. In an essay but little read, we notice the following, which we believe is the only explanation he gives of his terminology: "The term Anglican has been adopted here for want of a better one. We stand in need of a term which designates characteristics peculiar to the Anglican race in Europe, here, and in other parts of the world."

But as one reads his works he cannot but be struck with the ease and grace with which the author is thus enabled to compare American with English institutions. Though calling each by its right name, he avoids applying the objectionable word British to the institutions of a part of our ancient race; and at the same time, without resorting to the vicious term Anglo-Saxon, he has in reserve a word—Anglican—historic, and unobjectionable, which means English, and which includes the race wherever found in time or space. His works owe much to this single word.

No ambiguity can arise with this nomenclature. He compares Gallican with Anglican liberty, English with American, Anglican with that of the ancient Britons, with equal clearness. All that Palgrave, Guest and Freeman have said in advocacy of the term English as a generic title for the race, can be advanced with equal force in support of the historic word Anglican. It is simply another way of spelling "Englisc," and is as ancient.

It has, besides, none of the objections advanced against its rival. There is no land whose inhabitants are called distinctively Anglicans. The ending "cyn," now spelt "can," is an argument in its favor. This suffix, which is, of course, but the old English spelling of "kin" or "kind," is a most appropriate termination of the word that we apply to the whole English kindred. "English," on the other hand, has not retained the terminal "c," which originally appeared in "Englisc" and "Englisc." For some reason it has dropped the ending which would be an incongruous element in a word restricted in its use to the inhabitants of a single island.

While the term Anglican is not a term that is endeared to us by long association, yet it is twin brother to the word that is surrounded with every sentiment of race allegiance, and it quickly slips into its proper place in our minds and affections. No one can read half a dozen chapters of Lieber's works without feeling that Anglican is a word that he can-

not dispense with, and that it expresses to him something that no other word can.

It crystallizes our ideas of the one-ness of our race and the continuity of our history. Its use alone would do much to broaden our views of the development of nationality and of the progress of civilization. It is a handle by which we can grasp many conceptions that otherwise we must grope for with little success. It fills a position otherwise without a proper occupant.

As yet its use is limited, though increasing. We have been unable to find any author who has enthusiastically advocated its claims. Its adoption by Lieber is the highest compliment we find paid to it directly. Mr. Freeman must, of course, put it alongside of his favorite term English, and thus indirectly and negatively lend it his sanction.

In these days the rôle of a prophet becomes no one. But, perhaps, it is not assuming too much to assert that the manifest need of such a word in the scientific study of history will compel the adoption of this term, as the best fitted for the wide and useful sphere which it so perfectly fills.

A Legend of Nassau Hall.

THE FACT and fiction connected with the name of Tammany, though they played no unimportant part in the history of our country, have well nigh disappeared from the memory of men.

To Tammany belongs the honor of being the only native American yet canonized. Washington's Pennsylvania troops, it is said, were the first to realize the need of a tutelary saint, to offset the obvious advantage possessed by the Britons in the patronage and protection of St. George. And so, with true revolutionary fervor, they inscribed upon their banners the name of the most famous of Americans, the great Sachem of the Delawares, famed above all, a native

renowned in weird and curious legend (which marks the selection as significant—for his victory over the Devil). The movement spread throughout the army, and "St. Tammany" floated over many a gallant regiment through the eight years of the great Revolution. The 12th of May, the supposed birthday of the mighty chief, was a memorable day in the lives of our forefathers, and was commemorated among all classes of society, but especially in the army, where the sons of liberty, decked out in bucks' tails and the picturesque paraphernalia of the ideal red man, enacted many quaint and curious ceremonies in honor of St. Tammany. The principal event was a dance, by a select band of warriors, around a pole, surmounted by a liberty cap, wampum, and the tamoihecan. The dance completed, they all entered the chief wigwam, where the representative of St. Tammany gave to the assembled warriors a "talk," full of inspiration to deeds of arms and self-sacrifice in behalf of our new-born freedom. The good saint's popularity extended far and near. Forts were named for him; societies of all descriptions sprang up under the magic of his name. The famous political organization now for nearly a century known as Tammany Hall, is a questionable monument to the influence of the great Sagamore's name. Indeed, the 12th of May threatened, at one time, to eclipse the glories of the Fourth of July. But the red man's hereditary weakness for fire-water seems to have played too prominent a part in the celebration, for shortly before the war of 1812, General Dearborn, then Secretary of War, ordered the discontinuance of the holiday, on the ground that it induced debauchery in the troops.

From that time oblivion began to enshroud the name and fame of St. Tammany. And though but seventy years have passed since then, scarce one of the hundreds that daily pass his grave,

"Where learned men talk Heathen Greek,
And Hebrew lore is gobbled o'er
To please the Muses,"

has heard of the mighty dead or of the curious legend that may possibly embalm his memory for future generations.

The date of Tammany's birth is shrouded in mystery. One story affirms that he was the first human being to welcome William Penn to the shores of the new world.

But that which most interests us is the legend that situates his wigwam on the site of this College, and locates here his memorable conflict and glorious death. We hope we shall not be considered heretical if we take the liberty of intimating that Washington's victory here over the British was not more far-reaching in its consequences, especially in its moral effect, than was Tammany's triumph over a staunch ally—of St. George and his friends. Indeed, Princeton's military glories must ever pale before her moral achievements, whether the conflict be with German rationalism, Herbert Spencer, or, as in the present instance, with the Devil himself.

Tammany seems to have been the highest ideal ever reached by our aboriginal tribes. His eminence in piety drew upon him the appellation of the Indian Job, and engaged the fierce enmity of the Evil One, who, foreseeing no doubt the future influence of the Sachem's state, appeared to him in mortal shape and attempted to insinuate himself into its government. First the integrity of the great chief was besieged with seductive temptations. The Enchanter touched him with a satanic thirst, and, at its height, a beautiful maiden held up to his lips a sparkling draught. But the wise Sagamore clenched his teeth and steadily turned away.

The tempter offered him a necklace of beautiful gems that flashed with dazzling splendor, but the great chief saw that it possessed the peculiar power of strangling its wearer. The great Tammany was a mighty hunter, and a renowned warrior; and when the Evil One put within his hands a quiver of arrows of the rarest workmanship, and a bow of the most

exquisite symmetry, the old warrior's blood leaped in his veins, but his eager eye, lighted with the Great Spirit's wisdom, saw that the poisoned arrows shot both ways, and the beautiful bow would break in the hour of need. All the resources of the satanic guile were exhausted upon the incorruptible Sachem. Baffled and enraged the Evil Spirit determined to drive him to extremities. The people of the great chief were plagued with disease and famine. The grass withered; foul air brooded over the stagnant waters; the rays of the sun seemed to struggle through the fingers of a great black hand that tried to shut out its light from the afflicted people. The chief wept to see his people stricken. The graves of the sick and dying, and the screams of the mourners assaulted his eyes and ears day and night. At last his beautiful wife fell. One by one his sons moaned out their death song. And while his limbs were heavy, and his heart broken, the Evil One tried to steal into his kingdom; but, like his brother of the Senecas, Sa-go-ye-wah-ho, the eye of Tammany never shut, and the adversary was again baffled.

At last the Devil resorted to open force. The conflict that followed baffles description. Huge rocks, says the legend, were torn from the earth and hurled like pebbles through the air; forests were levelled; the heavens flashed with the fierce fires that darted from their angry eyes, while their breath, hard drawn and quick in mortal combat, was like the gusts of a hurricane. The valleys in this region mark the footprints of these mighty warriors.

The conflict raged through many moons. At last the Sachem, watching his opportunity, closed with his antagonist and threw him heavily to the ground; and the scalp of the great adversary would have hung in these walls as a warning to all future foes. But the Evil One, taking advantage of the exhaustion of Tammany, succeeded in making his escape to the isle of Manhattan, where he was hospitably entertained by the Mohicans, and where it is certain he has

ever since remained. He left the gallant Sachem so sorely wounded that ere long he sank into an endless sleep; and his mourning people made his grave on the spot where, for over a century, Nassau Hall has been a worthy monument to the glorious memory of St. Tammany.

"And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief and painted spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here."

By the Sea.

OH! THOU restless surging ocean,
Oh! thou ever changing sea,
By some secret-born emotion
Stirred, thy beating heart must be.
Angered now, and wildly flinging
Giant waves upon the shore;
Then, as if by mermaids singing,
Soothed, and silent as before.
Music, oftentimes, seems the screaming
Of the petrel, wild and rude;
And again, the calm moon beaming
On thee, answer'st to thy mood.
Tell me, winds, o'er ocean flying,
Tell the secret of the sea.
But the winds sweep by me, sighing,
"It can never, never be."
Like the ocean, surging ever
Is this soul, mysterious, strange;
Restless now, then soothed, but never
Long remaining without change.
Whence these softer feelings, giving
Place to thoughts of wrath and strife?
What's the secret of my living?
What's the mystery of life?
Tell me, winds that sweep unbidden
Round me, what's life's mystery?
Comes the answer, "'Tis as hidden
As the secret of the sea."

Philip Freneau.

IT WAS not until the eighteenth century that American society began to free itself from English domination, but the change did not extend to higher literature. Those who affected the "divine art" were still afflicted with a pseudo-classicism. Pegasus, robbed of his wings, trotted sedately and genteely through public parks, and over well-kept turn-pikes, and always in the pretentious harness of Pope and Darwin. The highest attainments were but good imitations. There was a servitude to forms, false appreciation of dignity, and a genuine dread of simplicity.

But, under the influence of the intensity of Revolution, men forgot littleness and conventionalities; they had no time to fashion strained conceits and labored antitheses. Men expanded into the largeness of the times.

A new-born and precarious liberty demanded of the muse a patriot minstrel, one who, with quick and powerful mind, should catch the mingled notes of warlike times and strike them into fierce and melodious songs of inspiration to struggling freedom.

In Philip Freneau the Revolution found its bard, and America her first poet worthy of the name.

Freneau sounded the key-note to his character and subsequent career in the poem he wrote and read with Hugh Brackenridge, on Commencement Day, in Nassau Hall, in the year 1771. Four years before Patrick Henry's famous speech, this poem on the "Rising Glory of America," spoke plainly of "independence," and "revenge," and warned "Unrelenting Brittain" that

"These will be wrongs, indeed, and all sufficient
To kindle up our souls to deeds of horror."

And ever after, his country was the theme of his songs, the object of his struggles, the recipient of his undying devotion.

As a poet, Freneau is careless and unequal, but he had no time to lie on the bank of some purling stream and drink in the soul of rhythm from the swaying tree top and the whispering leaves.

His verse lacks polish and grace, but he could not sit in the subdued light of a classic study and breathe a refined ecstasy, amid sculptured busts and well-filled shelves.

His muse was born in the labors of war.

In the spare moments of march or fight he was wont to retire to some secluded spot, lay aside the sword, dash off Philippics, lyrics, pæans, set up his press, print his own effusions, and send them forth to fire the drooping courage of his countrymen.

His verse has the haste, it has, likewise, the impetuous vigor and passion, of battle.

His lines are lurid with hate and invective, but free from affectation and bombast.

He was a man of extensive acquirements, and thoroughly versed in classical literature, as is evident from his subsequent version of the "Odes of Horace," and the distinguished praise early bestowed upon him by Dr. Wither-
spoon; but the fury of his enthusiasm, the passions of the times, denied to his verse exactness and the polish of retired scholarship.

To fully understand, however, that Freneau was capable of delicate execution, that he was gifted with a refined judgment and high artistic skill, that he sometimes rose from sprightliness of fancy to great elevation of soul, one has but to look to his lines on "The Dying Indian," "The Indian Burying Ground," and to his famous poem, "To the Memory of the Americans who fell at Eutaw." Sir Walter Scott, we are told, remarked of the latter, that it was "As fine a thing as there was of the kind in the language." And Campbell showed his appreciation of the poem on "The Indian Burying Ground," by appropriating the famous line,

"The hunter and the deer—a shade."

The Scotch reviewer, Jeffrey, prophesied that Freneau's poetry would command a commentator like Gray.

But Freneau's manifest claim to be considered the poet of the Revolution, has overshadowed other and less questionable claims to greatness. His essays and tales, moral humorous and satirical, made his pseudonym of Robert Slender justly famous. He was almost the equal of Swift in trenchant irony. As a journalist and political controversialist, he wielded an influence unsurpassed by any of that age. When the great conflict raged between Federalist and Democrat, Freneau threw in his lot, heart and soul with Jefferson and the principles of Republicanism. Even Washington, when he leaned toward the Federalists, did not escape criticism.

Washington is said to have complained that "that rascal Freneau sent him three copies of his paper every day, as if he thought he (Washington) would become the distributor of them." Freneau's influence, at this time, can best be understood by the ill-concealed sufferings of political opponents.

Hamilton complained bitterly that the *National Gazette* (Freneau's paper) had been established for the especial use of the Secretary of State, but the charge was never substantiated.

Jefferson says of the *National Gazette*: "His (Freneau's) paper has saved our Constitution, which was galloping fast into monarchy, and has been checked by no means so powerfully as by that paper. It is well and universally known that it is that paper which has checked the career of the Monocrats."

Freneau likewise caused the government trouble by his ardent support of the obnoxious Genet and his well-known sympathy with the French Revolution. There is reason to believe, however, that his sympathy did not extend to the Revolutionary philosophy and ethics.

That he was sincere in his opposition to Hamilton, Adams and Washington, and in his ill-advised support of Genet, is undoubted. No one has ever impugned the poet's patriotism. Indeed, it was that profound and characteristic and somewhat too ideal love for freedom that put him in opposition to the Federalists, and in sympathy with struggling France.

The same devotion to liberty had induced him in early life to manumit his slaves, and had inspired those burning lines on "Cruel and Detestable Slavery," whose burden was caught up in after years by Longfellow and Whittier.

"O, come the time, and haste the day
When man shall man no longer crush;
When reason shall enforce her sway,
Nor these fair regions raise our blush;
Where still the African complains,
And mourns his yet unbroken chains."

This was the secret of his life. A scholar, a sailor, a soldier, a journalist, a pungent satirist, a refined prosateur, a genuine poet, but, above all, a patriot and a friend to universal freedom.

The Mission of Dinah Morris.

GEORGE ELIOT'S characters are, of all fiction, the most human. They carry ever the impress of deep feeling, good or bad, of a whole-soul positiveness that reaches a climax only to double upon itself again and again, and repeat its effort to become supreme over the mind and soul. And when they have reached this extreme of moral tension, she has nothing farther to offer them. They have no safety-valve by which this pressure can be relieved. Without positive religious faith herself, she has no balm to pour upon a broken heart, when she has created it. Thus Gwendolen Harleth reaches the very depths of distress. She calls aloud

for some voice to speak peace, some supporting hand, some soul-satisfying remedy for the wounds that her love has inflicted. The author sends human sympathy—the poor treasure that we mortals can gather in our tiny hands, the semblances of divine compassion—and bids her drink of this and be at peace. Nay, she sends it in the person of the very man who had set this heart to throbbing, and bids him feed into rest the passion that he cannot return. And she is left unsatisfied, groping after something higher.

But, after all, George Eliot has given us one life that completes these unfinished pictures, and rounds out her philosophy of humanity into a gospel of peace. This character is Dinah Morris. She is the same in general conception as the actors that move around her; she has the same deep emotions that distinguish them as creations of George Eliot but she has learned a finer lesson in the consecration of all the capabilities of mind and heart to a nobler end, and has become possessed of a charm for the ills of life that the humanitarian never knows. She has risen into the region of faith. This must be the difference between Janet and Dinah, between Gwendolen and Dinah, between the soul that is carried away by the violent action of its own faculties and the soul that feels the working of all its functions in their normal spheres of activity in perfect harmony with the laws of its Divine creation. In short, man needs a God, and no human fellowship can satisfy his yearnings for communion with his Maker. Simply here is Tryan nobler than Deronda, and Seth Bede more natural than his brother Adam.

If this be so, this idea must be the pivot of Dinah's life, the moving spring of all her actions; this must constitute her mission. And so it does. In the first chapter she appears in her chosen capacity with no apology, and demanding no explanation. Perhaps this scene has a tinge of sarcasm in the light of the author's personal history, and of the contemporary religious sects; but when sarcasm is used to ridicule truth, it cuts the hand that uses it. Here we

have all the elements of human sympathy, pity, fellow-suffering, personal experience in the ills that she commiserates; but all these are bound together and sanctified by the teaching that she presents, and by the purity and consecration of a life that so richly illustrates their power. This is what I would insist upon, this final development of the human into the divine, this crowning loyalty to a practical religious belief.

This gives her character an objective cast, that admirably fits her for her mission of sunshine and comfort. Christian character is eminently unselfish and self-denying, and must effectually guide the sufferer to an external and objective source of healing. This is the essential element of all mental peace. We find that Gwendolen cast herself entirely at the feet of her comforter, and forgot her suffering in his presence, even though the relief was temporary and the storm within was, in the result, roused to greater violence. This is where the friends of Job failed. They directed his thoughts to himself, to his own past, his own prospects, instead of leading him out of self to a grander view of life and happiness. This gives a noble efficacy to the simple word spoken to Lisbeth in the presence of her dead husband; this gives the gentle hand that wipes the tears from that wrinkled face a soothing touch; this gives the presence of that little form a sacred spell, that drives away the angel of death and makes the household cheerful in its sorrow; this lifts the troubled one above her distress, above her helper, to the springs of infinite Love and Peace.

And it is the same consecration that leads ever onward in life, an unhesitating guide to practical exertion and usefulness. A man without a controlling idea is worth as little in the world of man's conflicting interests as a watch without a spring. It is the enthusiast, the devotee, that moves the world. Be it consecration to what you will; be a man's talent what you will; place him in any sphere you will, he can be trusted for the result. He will gather trophies from

the most desolate field, and place them upon the shrine of his devotion. ' But if this consecration be made to a lofty end, if all the powers of mind and body and heart be centered upon an ideal that taxes Heaven itself for its completeness, and if it be a delicate organism, a system of glowing sensibilities, a bosom of surpassing loveliness, in which this ideal is enshrined, then a mortal approaches nearest to the end of all our being, and is to be entrusted with the mission of Dinah Morris. By her own sweet consent she has become what a cruel disappointment led Robert Falconer to become, a servant to all men for Heaven's sake. And by this she has reached the purest life that our human imperfections permit us to attain. She passes the prison doors and clanging chains, and enters the cell of her guilty friend with the purity and innocence of a sunbeam. With silent love and tender sympathy she draws forth the confession of crime, and in the soil thus rooted of its weeds, she plants the seeds that she has received from a diviner hand. She refuses the gift of a happy home to share the hardships of her people.

And finally, such a character must be loved. This objective bearing of action and life is what we love in all our friends. The oak shades the ivy that twines about its trunk. The storm beats hardest on the cliff that dares to stand alone. Of all the flowers, we love those most that spend their lives in perfume. As Dinah's life was spent for others; as all within her influence were comforted and consoled, and inspired to the aims that she pursued, and to the ends that she accomplished, so all must love the hand that ministered in their need and guided them upon the way to a nobler life. Adam Bede's love for Hetty was youthful, changing; changing with the development of her character and of his. Adam's love for Dinah was his deep and lasting tribute to the power of her life, and to the success of the mission that she had made her own.

Voices.

THE cry for a higher plane of scholarship in this College should be heeded, for one reason, if for no other. No nation can make great progress in intellectual culture unless it has some standard, some source of an enlightenment, so superior to the common kind as to set up an ideal for the body of the people. Such a center of refinement is more necessary in a Republic than in a country where the aristocracy, by its very nature, holds a place of deserved and unassailable supremacy. America has been called the land of mediocrity. Whether this be true or not—and it probably has some foundation—the best and most practical way of rising from such a dead level is to produce a number of minds of extraordinary quality, and natures of excellent fibre and tone, by a process of education which shall, at the same time, keep them in the line of the people's development, and separate them from the people's faults. This no common-school education will ever effect.

Such a body of men are the fellows and tutors of England's universities, and the highest and most active of her politicians. To this body of learned and enlightened men, we have very little to correspond. In France, the Academy and the Senate, societies of final intellectual reward and authority in the Republic, meet the requirement almost perfectly. But scholars grow in France. We, in America, may not desire an Academy; but we do need some substitute for it. In this matter it is not so much a question of quantity as of quality. If, by any means, ten men could be yearly sent out into life, with the opportunity of acquiring the very best culture which the world can afford, that would suffice. Does this College, or any other in the land, graduate every year even five men of surpassing ability, and then foster their growth, and supply them with every requisite for the highest development?

THE subject of college honesty and college honor, let us hope, is coming to a crisis. Instead of longer appealing to those above us for better treatment, let us look the matter more closely in the face. What is the cause of this continual and now wearisome appeal?

How often does the boast of some dishonesty, made by one person, bring forth the assenting smile, even the open approval of others around him; while such as dissent must either be silent, or else they are "squelched" by such unenviable titles as "stickler," "crank," "fiend!" All this time for whom is the admiration intended? Who has the greatest retinue of camp followers? Who is the hero, ah! yes, the nominal, not the real hero? When cheating in examination is made excusable by us for all, save honor-men; when "abstracting" books from the library is labled as "keen;" when even the non-payment of money debts is openly paraded, only to be received as a subject for merriment and jest, these are questions distinctively of college honesty.

But what shall be said of college honor? This is even more important, for it includes honesty with much more. Many of us pride ourselves that we are not as other men are; that we, at least, are not dishonest. Pray are we, therefore, outside the category of the dishonorable? Morality has no separate rules of guidance for college men, and yet there is scarcely one of us who would not deprecate *elsewhere* what he tolerates *here*. True, our colleges to-day turn out better men. But in what? Morality? No, intellectuality. Yes, most emphatically, intellectuality.

There are, indeed, among us so-called moral men, who, for their own good, might cultivate a little more intellectual acumen, but they are only so-called. They are not the real stuff. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that many, if not a majority of us, will admit that our sense of honor has been blunted rather than sharpened since our advent as students.

Where have we heard so much discredit heaped upon the "weakling?" On the other hand, what kind of men do most of us designate as "men of strong character?" Is it the men who plod most conscientiously through their college course, or is it, rather, the men who have accomplished the greatest result with the least (more probably, no) effort, who have been able from nothing to produce something? Now, there can be no conflict between an admitted theory and its corresponding practice; and so long as the two travel separate paths, it carries with it the concession that our theory itself of honor is not sincere and not real. The trouble, then, lies within, not without; among the *students*, not in *our treatment by professors*.

IT MAY not be generally known that the graduation of '83 is the centennial of an eventful era in the history of Princeton. During the session of Congress in Philadelphia, June 20th, 1783 (the very date of commencement this year), events occurred which caused Congress to hold its sessions in Nassau Hall. A crowd of discontented and riotous soldiery besieged the State House. Congress, at that time, was as weak as it ever was, and in a cowardly manner yielded to the mob by hastily adjourning, to meet shortly, in Princeton. The inhabitants of the place did everything in their power to secure the comfort of their distinguished guests. The college library was the room in which the Congress held its sessions. The institution was at that time, of course, less crowded than at present. The vacant rooms were utilized for committee meetings.

James Madison, a graduate of eleven years' standing, was a member of this Congress. Washington attended most of its sessions. Commencement was in the fall in those days (hence its name—the commencement of the college year). The graduation of '83 was an eventful one. Congress

adjourned to attend the exercises, and Washington himself was on the stage.

It was on the fourth of July, 1783, that Whig and Clio were, for the first time, represented by orators who spoke before a public audience. A little research would enable one or more speakers to give, on the commencement stage, interesting centennial orations commemorating the graduation of '83 the First, and the eventful times of 1783.

THE occurrence of several fires in and about college, within the last three years,—notably, one last fall, which destroyed the building intended to be used in connection with observations of the transit of Venus; and one this term, which completely consumed another temporary structure,—clearly demonstrates the need of a college fire department. The last fire resulted in the establishment of a stock company, and we understand they have kindly purchased one of the buildings on shares. They bought at minus thirty dollars a share, or thereabouts, with the expectation of making one hundred per cent. when it reached par; but, strange to say, they lost, and that, too, notwithstanding they had a monopoly. Now, we want no more stock companies; let them be confined to Wall street. This stock company was the immediate result of a fire. It is clearly the duty of the Faculty, therefore, to turn their attention to the protection of buildings from conflagrations; in short, to establish a well-organized fire department.

THE expense of a college education is becoming a general subject of comment. The average expenditure, which, we believe, is in the neighborhood of \$600 or \$700, has

been exaggerated. One places it as high as from \$1,200 to \$2,000, an estimate that will bear halving and be near the truth. That extravagance, in various forms, is finding its place in the habits of young men, in general, is true. That college men are especially liable to be tempted in this direction, is scarcely capable of proof.

Parents and guardians have argued, and still insist, that if a boy is sent to a college where he will associate more or less with the sons of wealthy men, that he will be tempted to adopt their more expensive habits of dress and living. This tendency does exist; but its influence is small, and confined to a few. It does not extend to those to whom a college education is a luxury.

While the strength and extent of this tendency have been much talked of, and exaggerated, another, due to the same cause, but in an opposite direction, has been overlooked. We find no mention of it in the discussions that have appeared in the college papers. The presence of rich men in college, while it tends to increase the expenditures of a very few, furnishes many with the means to aid them in acquiring their education. The poor man does not come to college unless he expects to succeed here. The rich man comes, oftentimes, with no idea that he can do remarkably well; sometimes, with no desire to; the inevitable result is—conditions. Then the easiest and commonest way to get rid of that incubus is to procure the services of a classmate or upper-classman as tutor.

The presence of men in college who have money at their disposal, effects college economies just as the presence of the wealthy in the economic world beyond influences it. The fact that capital is at hand, and that the very class who possess it have needs that it can supply, by employing those who have little capital, is beneficial to all parties, whether they are merchants and tradesmen, manufacturers and laborers, dealing in thousands, or whether they be college students and deal in dollars.

Editorials.

WITHOUT stopping to discuss the general policy which should govern Princeton in her efforts for intercollegiate athletic honors, we heartily concur in the zeal with which the college supports the Boating Association. Our past record on the water was anything but encouraging. Our facilities were not good. Not a few were in favor of giving up boating altogether. But in mass meeting the college met or overlooked every objection, and decided to support the crew again. Once committed to the project, a good subscription was raised, and the enthusiasm of the officers of the association soon spread throughout the college.

Our object in this writing is to call the attention of our readers to an entertainment in aid of the Boating Association to be given in New York, at the Academy of Music, Tuesday, March 27th. This entertainment, so generously gotten up by the alumni, will consist of "The Honeymoon," with singing, between the acts, by the Princeton Glee Club. The affair promises to be interesting in itself, and well worthy of a large patronage on its own merits. But, when we consider that this loyal amateur company and the Glee Club have volunteered their services in an enterprise to sustain the credit of the college in boating, Princeton men especially should find here an opportunity to show whether or not they intend that the crew shall enter the races well equipped. We urge all who can to patronize the entertainment in New York. Tickets may be had of any officer of the Boating Association. A special train will be run to the Junction to meet the midnight train from New York, so that Princeton men may return the same evening.

IT MAY be trite to say anything about the grading system, but once in a while it is so glaringly unjust that protests will not down. The particular wrong at present to be noticed is that which arises when one professor adopts a very strict and high standard of grading, making great reductions for slight mistakes, as compared with other departments. The consequence is that a mistake in this department often counts ten times as much as an even less grievous one does in any other department. The result is two-fold. First, the students who have made a mistake in this department nurse a sense of injustice. A little reflection will show that the argument that all are served alike, is fallacious. Some have lost ten points for a mistake not as bad as that which cost another only one point. Secondly, this one department is unduly magnified. If the student would stand high, he must devote his time to that which counts most when a mistake is made. Thus, wrong is done not only to the student, but to the other departments.

This argument is not based on any general theory of the evils of the grading system. We have in mind a case exactly in point. There is always a close contest for the first half-dozen places in a class. If each study were ranked by itself there would be no cause for complaint. But this is not the case; and a man whose general excellence in scholarship entitled him to the first rank in the class, might be carried down several places by a mistake, which, if it had occurred in any other department, would have been considered slight. Since some of the best honors of the course depend on grading, bad as it is, by all means let us have as fair results as possible. The rule to make all the grades average eighty-five is inoperative and manifestly unjust in small elective classes. Few professors seem to regard it, and even where it is regarded, there is no uniformity. One professor openly told the present Senior Class that he made heavier deductions for the mistakes of

the higher students. Of what use is an average of eighty-five in such cases?

Let the authorities give the grading system a thorough investigation, and see whether "there is something rotten in Denmark" or not.

IT IS very plain, from the largely signed petition sent in to the Faculty, that the Senior Class desire the announcement of the Baird prizemen. Indeed, it seems to us, that the arguments are all in favor of doing this at once. The marked improvement in the Senior orations is chiefly due to two causes, namely, the faithful instruction of Prof. Raymond, and the incentives furnished by the Baird prizes. The latter have already had a good effect, and will have a better effect in succeeding years, when the contest for eligibility will have been sharp from the beginning of the college course. But their full benefit cannot be realized as long as the result of the contest is kept a secret until Commencement. It is urged that all announcements of prizes should be held over, to give interest to the closing exercises of the year. But manifestly the Baird prizes are unlike the others. When people hear the J. O. contest, and the Lynde debate, they take much interest in learning, a day or two later, who the successful candidates are. But very little interest, comparatively, is felt in the announcement of prizes that were won months before, on performances which have passed out of mind. Nor is there any reason to believe, as some suppose, that a disorderly spree might be indulged in if the successful candidates were made known at once. Happily, college sentiment does not favor such demonstrations at the present day, as is evinced by their absence when Hall honors are announced during the year. On the other hand, the long lapse of time between endeavor and fruition, dulls the edge of public interest. The men and their efforts are forgotten. Besides,

the interest in "Chapel Stage" would be greatly intensified if the announcement of those eligible to prizes preceded, and of those who won them followed immediately after the contest. We trust the Faculty will favorably consider the petition of the Senior Class upon this subject.

HAVING adopted a suggestion made by the LIT. board of '81, our editorial duties are finished with this, the March number. Although September was found to be unfavorable for getting out a number of the LIT., the extra exertion was amply rewarded in bringing the annual change of management a month earlier. And now Vol. XXXVIII is completed. Our office is made vacant by limitation; and we resign the keys to the representatives of another class.

The editors from '82 made it a chief object to maintain the high standard of the magazine as they received it from their predecessors. With marked ability they transferred the obligation unimpaired to us. How far our efforts to meet it have been successful the college must estimate.

Excepting some improvement in the quality of the paper and the institution of the contributor's prize, we attempted no reforms. With reference to the latter we express entire satisfaction, and recommend its continuance to succeeding boards. A further improvement, we think, in the prize system might be made by giving but two prizes for essays and one for a story, thus increasing the contributor's prize to fifty dollars; and by basing competition for the last upon the best four essays, reckoning four "voices" as equivalent to one essay. Experience leads us to believe that the number of editors on the board of the LIT. should be reduced to six, and that the last three departments should be curtailed accordingly. This proposition has been made to the class of '84, and the advantages of its adoption suggested. If the plan of issuing the

Princetonian weekly hereafter is carried out, there will be a still smaller sphere for the *Olla-Podrida*; and even now its usefulness is doubtful. It is probable also that the *LIT.* might pay its respects to the Exchanges in less than three pages of comment. Thus we hope to see some telling improvements in Princeton journalism speedily inaugurated. And among the last of our small services to it we wish to repeat an appeal in its behalf to "the powers." It is a request only in step with the progress of journalism in our larger American colleges. Remit the essays which are now required of college editors in the English course, and give the boards an honorary place in the annual catalogue. We will not repeat arguments so well known, but simply ask the Faculty to recognize the just claims of the College papers.

In taking our final leave of the *LIT.*, we express a deep interest in its future. Whatever improvements in journalism the growth of the College may call for, the *LIT.* will always have a worthy and useful sphere. May it long continue the well-supported patriarch of the College papers of Princeton.

Book Notice.

A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, Vol. 1.

By JOHN BACH McMASTER.

PRINCETON has never been backward in the production of text-books and philosophical works; but in the sphere of more distinctly literary writing her power is seldom manifested. This feeling alone might prompt us to welcome Mr. McMaster's book. But its own good qualities will amply suffice to insure its success. It cannot fail to be interesting, for it is not a mere recital of wars and political struggles, but, on the contrary, employing the modern method, it is a history of the questions which have, from time to time, agitated the whole body of the people. The plan, appar-

ently, is to exhibit these popular sentiments, to show how they were formulated by government, and how well formulated in view of subsequent events.

Though this is the first volume of five, intended to cover the period from the close of the Revolution to the beginning of the Civil War, the events of but six years are narrated. This is as it should be; for it is of paramount importance to know how the country recovered from the war, and how the new order of things was inaugurated. The first chapter is naturally devoted to a description of the thirteen States in 1784. The picture is drawn with remarkable vividness, and yet with that length of perspective which is so essential to a disinterested and comprehensive view of times not yet remote. The description of the prominent cities and of life in different States, especially in Virginia, is novel and entertaining. One feels sure, after reading this chapter, that he has here a true account of the dress, manners and customs of the people, of their means of communication, their sources of wealth, their amusements, trades and general characteristics.

But, perhaps, the most interesting portion is the chapter devoted to the breaking up of the Confederation and the forming of the Constitution. The secret debates of the Convention, its quarrels and conflicting plans, are vividly reproduced. And the high pitch of this chapter is well maintained in the next, which tells how one State after another ratified the new code and came into the Union. It is safe to say that no history of its kind furnishes so accurate an account of the coinage system, or presents so clearly the financial theories of the first two years of the Republic.

The faults of the work are not numerous. At times the salient points of an event are not given, and minor details of little importance are lifted into undue prominence. We notice, for instance, that in the account given of the adoption of the Constitution by New York, we are told of a street fight, in which a crowd of anti-Federalists and a

crowd of Federalists stoned each other; but the efforts of that prominent figure of the close and long contested struggle, are scarcely mentioned. Clinton, Hamilton's opponent, is referred to once and again; but the mighty influence and the wonderful success of the great New York statesman are left out of the picture. Thus, in more than one instance, do we find that the author's method has led him to omit even the bare mention of important matters.

The author's success would seem to lie in the fact that, in gathering his varied and abundant information from old letters and newspapers, rather than from public records and statute books, he has thereby placed his readers in the midst of the very times of which he writes.

Olla-Podrida.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!"

—*Henry VIII., Act III., Scene 2.*

We nominate for the LIT. board, from the class of '84, Messrs. J. M. Baldwin, G. H. Carpenter, J. N. Forman, F. Jelke, Jr., G. M. Harper, J. C. Murray. Other contributors in order of merit: first, Thomas and Todd; third, Hedges; fourth, Hobbs; fifth, McKinney.

FEB. 9.—Mr. Stimson's Art Lecture, the last in the course to Princeton Sketh Club.

FEB. 10.—Third Division Chapel Stage.

FEB. 17.—Meeting of Intercollegiate Athletic Association, at Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y. Amherst, C. C. New York, Columbia, Harvard, Lafayette, Lehigh, Princeton, Rutgers, Trinity, U. of Pa., and Yale were represented. May 26th was appointed as field day. Hobart College was admitted. Officers elected were: Prex., Lowell of Harvard; Vice-Prex., Baker, Lafayette; Sec., McIntosh, Princeton; Treas., Birney, U. of Pa.; Exec. Com., Prex., *ex officio*, Thompson of Yale, Wainright of Columbia. The list of events for the field meeting is to be the same as last year: 100

yards dash, 220 yards, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, and 1 mile runs, 1 mile walk, 120 yards hurdles, running high jump, running broad jump, pole vault, shot, hammer, 2 mile bicycle race, and tug-of-war.

FEB. 22.—Washington's Birthday among other events. By the way, "who — — — ?".....Winter sports in Gym. Pole vault record in Colleges broken by H. Toler, '85, who made 9 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.....Intercol. Lacrosse Convention, at Cambridge; Harvard, Columbia, N. Y. University, and Princeton represented. Yale was admitted. Constitution and playing rules were adopted. Noble, of Harvard, was elected Prex. for ensuing year; Cottle of Yale, Vice-Prex.; and Hodge, of Princeton, Sec.-Treas.

FEB. 24.—Winter sports concluded.....General Kargé's lecture on "The Crisis of my Life," in the old Chapel.....Fourth Division Chapel Stage.

FEB. 28.—Library Meeting, with paper by Dr. Osborn on the Visualizing Faculty.

MARCH 1.—Lecture by Dr. Paxton, in Old Chapel, on "Camp, March, Picket, and Battle."

MARCH 2.—Intercollegiate B. B. Convention at Springfield. Dartmouth withdrew from the Association. The League rules for 1883 were adopted, except that a batsman may be caught-out on a foul-bound, and may call for either high or low ball. Officers for ensuing year are: Prex., Yates, of Yale; Vice-Prex., Crocker, of Harvard, and Green, of Brown; Sec'y., Harlan, of Princeton. The following schedule of games was agreed on, which we print, as some who have not seen it elsewhere may desire it. Games to be played on the grounds of the last mentioned college: May 5th, Harvard vs. Brown; 5th, Amherst vs. Yale; 11th, Brown vs. Amherst; 12th, Harvard vs. Yale; 14th, Harvard vs. Amherst; 15th, Harvard vs. Amherst (exhibition game); 18th, Harvard vs. Princeton; 19th, Harvard vs. Princeton (exhibition game); 19th, Yale vs. Brown; 23d, Brown vs. Harvard; 23d, Princeton vs. Amherst, at New York; 24th, Amherst vs. Princeton; 26th, Yale vs. Harvard; 26th, Brown vs. Princeton; 28th, Brown vs. Princeton (exhibition game); 30th, Yale vs. Princeton, at New York; 30th, Amherst vs. Harvard. June 1st, Princeton vs. Harvard; 2d, Princeton vs. Harvard (exhibition game); 2d, Brown vs. Yale; 4th, Princeton vs. Brown; 6th, Brown vs. Harvard (exhibition game); 8th, Amherst vs. Brown; 13th, Yale vs. Amherst; 19th, Princeton vs. Yale, at New York; 20th, Harvard vs. Brown (exhibition game); 21st, Yale vs. Harvard (exhibition game); 26th, Harvard vs. Yale (exhibition game).

MARCH 3.—Fifth Division, Chapel Stage. By far the best Division of the year.

MARCH 8.—Library meeting, paper by Mr. A. Armatrong, '81, on the Ethics of Herbert Spencer.

It is said that a member of '83 attempted to heap coals of fire on a classmate's head, but the latter was already so fiery that the attempt was a failure.

Mr. M. translated *πρό γὰρ στενάζεις*, "you are too previous in your groans."

Dr. M. asks "who is the Yahoo?" For his information we will just state that he's first in dirt, first in magu, first in the ha'r of the travel-lair.

Chaff, of the U. of Pa., gets into the *Tiger* in a cut representing our E. C. laid out and being carried to the tomb by the *Lampoon*, *Acta*, *Vassar Mis. and Argo*, with *LIT.* and *Princetonian* as chief mourners. It has the following as an editorial, which we republish for our readers, believing they will enjoy it as we did:

"A haggard uncertainty seems to envelop the movements of the *Princeton Tiger*. The hint having got abroad that that once active Beast contemplated suicide, graceful obituaries were at once written by the leading college papers, and the very day of the contemplated demise was announced in the most cold-blooded way. This date the *Chaff* has forgotten; and if in presenting the cartoon of the month as a votive offering to the memory of his deceased, or deceasing, or about to be deceased friend, he has anticipated the climax, he quotes the well-worn line in his defense:

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

* * * * The consultation held over the Beast as soon as the disease took a pronounced form, resulted in the following diagnosis: *Too much Faculty*—a very common malady at Princeton. It was a happy, reckless, witty Beast, and we loved it. But the cage is empty and—(tears)."

The Committees on the Class Poem and Ode for '83 desire it understood that competition for the Ode will close on Monday, April 23d, and for the Poem on May 25th. It is suggested that Pach take a special picture of the Class Poet.

With regard to the Lake George Intercollegiate Regatta, there are already entered crews from Wesleyan, Bowdoin, Cornell, Princeton, U. of Pa., U. of Va., and probably Columbia and Rutgers. The Regatta Committee has charge of arrangements. The race will be rowed on July 4th, and the prizes will be medals and flags.

CO-EDUCATION: *Prof.*—"Who will see Mr. L. before next Monday?" *Lady Student* (blushing)—"I shall probably see him next Sunday night."—*Echo*.

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No nearer than one pious should,
With eyes that said—so understood—
"The angel-girl; I wish I could!"

A laughing face, not over-good,
Out-peeping from a fleecy hood,
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Prof. of Astronomy: "Mr. H—, how do you find the pole star?" *Mr. H.*: "Why, there is a thing called the dipper, and —" *Prof.*: "Well, what is the 'thing' like?" *Mr. H.* describes a cabalistical figure in the air. Professor nods. *Mr. H.*: "There are two stars in the bottom called pointers." *Prof.*: "What do you mean by the bottom?" *Mr. H.*: "By the bottom I mean the side—that is—I mean the side that's the bottom when the dipper's up on end." *Prof.*: "Suppose the dipper's up the other way?" *Mr. H.* collapses.—*Chaff.*

MATTER O' MONEY.

A cursed bachelor, gruff
And gray and crusty—He
Who used to drink,
And—so I think,
Take snuff,
With purse tho' deep enough,
You see.

A female piece of stuff
That dreams are made of—She.
They wed—I think
I've lavished ink
Enough,
It was, tho', rather rough
On me.

METAPHYSICAL.—Prof.: "Let us suppose objects variously colored, red, blue, yellow, and black, and moving in one direction. Now, Mr. Jones, you may first abstract the colors." *Mr. J.* (thoughtfully): "Well, then, I will abstract the red and blue from the yellow and black." *Prof.*: "And what will be left after the abstraction of the red and blue?" *Mr. J.*: "Why, Princeton, of course."—*Chaff.*

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CHAPTER I.

To a Female Seminary
Maggie went with many a sob;
All seemed drear as February
To poor Bob.

CHAPTER II.

Sternly cautioned Maggie's Pater,
(How her little heart did throb),
"See you send no loving letter
To your Bob."

CHAPTER III (B.'S LETTER).

"Maggie, thou art as the ivy
I' the oak tree, strong and thick.
Darling, won't you be my wifey
Pretty quick?"

CHAPTER IV.

Happy Bobbie, blissful sparker,
Maggie sends a catalogue,
With a dainty mark a-
Round her "cog."

CHAPTER V.

The end of this
Is bliss.

PRINCETON COLLEGE, February 23d, 1883.

WHEREAS, Almighty God, in His All-wise Providence, has removed from our midst Prof. Lyman H. Atwater, D.D., LL.D., a man whose eminence in the varied departments of moral and mental philosophy, political and social science, was only equalled by his deep piety and manly character; and

WHEREAS, we feel that the Church has lost one of her ablest theologians and defenders, and the College a professor who, for nearly thirty years, had served it as a wise administrator, an active worker, and an able instructor; and

WHEREAS, we have lost in him one whom we not only honored as a teacher, but loved as a friend; who was always interested in our welfare;

Resolved, That we, the Class of 1883, do hereby express our deep sorrow; and

Resolved, That we establish, as a memorial of the deceased, a fund of one thousand dollars, the annual proceeds of which shall be given for a LYMAN H. ATWATER PRIZE ESSAY IN POLITICAL SCIENCE; and

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and be published in the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE and *The Princetonian*.

In behalf of the Class: A. P. CAERMAN, J. C. RUSSELL, W. C. OSBORN, H. M. LANDIS, *Committee*.

College Gossip.

IT WAS a late hour when a handsome carriage drove up to the splendid dolomite office of the Gossip. The Ex. man had come to pay his last official visit, and as his tall, striking figure could be seen ascending the marble steps, the moonlight showed his fine countenance to be diffused with one of those indescribable smiles which he rarely wore except in the presence of ladies. As the dusky footman ushered him in, his long moustaches could be seen to brush two wide streaks in the dust which had settled on the door-jam since the last number. Round his neck he wore, as a souvenir, a large tooth of the dead *Tiger*. Notwithstanding that sad token, he joyfully remarked that it would grieve him very much to part, now that the end had come, with all his little protégés. With this, pulling out a volume of the *News* from his breast-pocket, he patted it on the back, and gently handed it over to be scanned. It certainly was a neatly put up little body; but then, oh! that sinister leer out of its left eye. With a few profound remarks bearing on the fiscal year in general, the Ex. man buttoned his moustache in his overcoat and bowed himself out. The Gossip stood sadly for a while, looking into the fire, and then wearily turned to the monthly inspection of his papers, first having swept up the pieces of his ash-pan which the *Acta-Columbiana* had scattered around the room, when it dried up and—exploded.

The Gossip found Yale was in luck. She always is, or imagines she is, if she is not. This time it is veritable good luck. She's been given a sixty thousand dollar check for a new chemical laboratory. The gentleman who gave it was Mr. A. E. Kent, of Chicago, a graduate of nearly thirty years' standing. Next, Yale must have a hospital. The cry has been going up all winter, but there comes no response. It is a need long felt, and is always a fertile subject for the *News*—two reasons to have the thing put through. It must not be any of your common hospitals, but must be befitting the disabled foot-ball warrior. The *News* is trying to arrange an exhibition combat, at New Haven, between Prof. Sumner and some champion of protection. The *News* will secretly back the stranger. The Seniors and lawyers have all been to the large Willimantic Cotton Manufactory, and have seen how finely protection works—for the manufacturers. The winter games have been a great success at both Harvard and Yale. The Yale Association adopted the new feature of calling the exhibition on Saturday the

"Ladies' Day." Whether the programme was materially different from that of Wednesday, we are not told. 'Tis probable that no gore was allowed. Next year the authorities will have a day dedicated to the *N. Y. Observer*, when the boxers will fight large weights hung from the ceiling. A day or two before the Harvard games, the *Herald* exhorted the college to strengthen its nerves and endure a little hitting, for, says the *Herald*, "the audiences seem to have desired the boxer to confine himself to self-defence." The *Herald* now appears satisfied.

Jewelry is the new form of prizes which were given at Yale in the athletic events. The inappropriateness of such prizes, for amateurs, as sleeve-buttons and scarf-pins, is fully discussed by the *News*, "for," says the *News*, "who would ever know what they were for? No one would ever be led to suspect that a man was an athlete from the fact that he wore in his cravat a chariot-wheel rolling in clouds." There is, surely, not very much connection between the two, but then, as an equally novel suggestion, a man could wear it on his coat-sleeve, so as to at least bring the conversation round to the point. It is probable that the editor of '84 will reap the fruit of the labors of '83, who have proposed to alleviate the hard editorial life by exemption from college essays. If this righteous plan is once adopted in one of the colleges, the "Facs." of all the rest will all have, as a working basis, their main condition of action—precedent. The "Junior Exhibition" of Yale is near at hand. 'Tis our own J. O., in dress-suits instead of gowns, but some are desirous of having the dress changed to a costume suitable to an afternoon occasion. A new discovery has been made. A machine has been invented, a kind of gearing apparatus, by which those two eccentric bodies, the crews of Harvard and Yale, may be successfully run. At least, that's the opinion now; but who can foretell what the ingenious boating brain of Harvard will yet devise, or at what moment Yale will pretend to see the contract violated by Harvard. This is much the most exciting part of the whole season, to see who can first evade, escape or break the rules. Yesterday was the great day on the Thames—the great race of England—and Oxford won it. Harvard and Yale have been trying to get up a parallel case, here in America, for a long time, but all their coy arts have as yet failed. They are still standing in their own sunlight, and we doubt if the new iron-clad rules will help them out of it. Yale stands yet undecided whether to hold the spring regatta on the harbor or at Lake Saltonstall. If at Saltonstall, the event cannot be postponed for bad weather, and though the scenery is fine, the class captains are of opinion that they must sacrifice the romance of the lake to the convenience of the harbor.

Harvard is at last beginning to think that when the next dormitory fire comes round the Boston newspapers will be disappointed at not having the satisfaction of an article on the "Stewed Student, or How the College Man is Roasted." Ropes are to be put in every room. This, of course, was not done to meet an emergency of unexpected heat, but so as to be able to show the West Point inspectors a complete and model college. The inspectors will soon visit us as well, so now is the time for authorities to fulfill their promises. The inspectors are coming to get the latest ideas in educating and governing, which they will introduce at West Point in due time, barring co-education.

The *Clipper* foolishly believes that the Harvard students are very mad that their nine should not be allowed to play with professionals; but the *Herald* indignantly says, that what Harvard wants is to avoid professional tendencies. That's very right, and if those games have that effect on the Harvard nine, they had better stop; the admission is frank, and we presume it's so with Harvard.

Dartmouth has withdrawn from the League. Yes, she has been ushered most politely out. 'Tis a pity too, a very great pity, that she should turn her back just now, for it's so embarrassing to poor Harvard to be left in this awkward position (yearning for revenge). No, Harvard, you have been prudent and wise, you have manfully suppressed this longing; for though it may be galling and bitter indeed to reflect that you have, in the *Yale News'* choice language, been beaten in your own back yard, yet we see you have generously determined never to use your back yard for that purpose again. Now, Yale's position in the matter is that of an unsuccessful patron. She tried hard to keep Darty in, but was too much of a minority. Amherst acted intelligently. If she had been dissevered from the League, she knew that all chance of wheedling her faculty round would be gone forever.

The Dartmouth Seniors have chosen Col. Bob Ingersoll, flushed from his Star Route victories, to be the class day orator next Commencement. He will probably elaborate his text of how "colleges dim diamonds and polish bricks."

But, now, dear reader, the spring has come, and every paper must shed its old Editors and Gossips, and turn its care to the putting forth of fresh and new ones for the next year. The volumes of exchanges are shut, and the kaleidoscope of college life and all its inconsistencies and all its anomalies, its *Actas* and its *News*, its quarrels and its championships, all are melting fast away from wearied vision of the Gossip. Our eyes are tired, and we have seen enough; let the toy pass on to the next, and let him who takes it draw what he sees therein with truth, but color it to suit himself.

Exchanges.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth*, Act I., Scene III.

Tickling the popular ear may be exciting, but it is not always profitable or pleasant. It is especially unpleasant, if you happen to strike either side of the golden mean. After a year of hard toil, we come, as the Epilogue, to claim your praise. This withhold or grant, yet

"As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set us free."

As we hand over the shears, mucilage, and keys of office (P. O.) to our successor, we refrain from giving any advice. Nor will we venture to assert a bold prophecy of storm or whirlwind in the college world, as the Wiggins theory is below par at present. So we will entrust the Lit. to the incoming Board, hoping that they can say to their successors that

"Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks."

The March number of the *Chaff* comes whirling in on us from the U. of Pa. It has a touching editorial, and a still more touching cartoon, on the *Tiger*. It says it has anticipated the climax, and has laid the dangerous beast high and dry upon a bier. Among the chief mourners, we find ourselves depicted, with flowing eyes and large handkerchief, in a very paroxysm of grief. But, friend *Chaff*, we know that when you are not too previous you are too subsequent, and so we will pass by this slip and only dub it a case of too much *beer*. The article on "Organizing the New Editorial Board," might be read with advantage by those taking up the editorial quill for the first time. It hits departments off very neatly, and in a manner that is highly fitting for a sprightly and funny monthly. This number is above the average, and we are happy in congratulating this paper on its continued success.

The *Cornell Sun* wakes up, rubs its eyes, and objects to humorous college publications. It disagrees with them, because they are not practical; and then it thinks that, sooner or later, they will either become stale or end in slang. If a college thinks it has talent enough to start and edit a paper on the style of the *Harvard Lampoon*, why should the *Sun* object. Let the survival-of-the-fittest doctrine hold here, and let all styles of talent have an opportunity of developing.

The co-educational question at Columbia has resolved itself into the "annex" system. As we haven't received papers from that college for some time, we suppose they are delayed by writing and re-writing editorials suitable to the case in hand. Now, since the question has been decided as it has been, the wrath of the mighty mud-slinging editor will be mollified enough for him to go on and turn his attention to drubbing up his contemporaries. In spite of all efforts to defeat the measure, Columbia has decided in favor of a measure which will give university instruction, and award the usual college honors to women. Doubtless when the *Acta* realizes the situation it will bow gracefully to the new rule. In course of time the rare and rather dubious wit of the *Acta* will be toned down by association, and will become most highly exemplary in every way.

A long time ago we remember reading in an exchange a remark on "the insane and unmentionable Rutger's *Targum*." And while we think this pretty severe, yet this worthy paper would avoid the charge if it did not get unpardonably fresh sometimes. Some one, it has been said, sits on western papers because they are heavy, and there is a satisfaction in squelching them. We feel inclined to hint to our little neighbor from a different motive and with another purpose, that it shouldn't display that remarkable touchiness which is noted in small things. The editorial department of this paper is good, but is not supported by the other departments. If these are strengthened, the *Targum* will hit more nearly the average of a college paper.

Now that the distressing boat race difficulty has been settled, another war-cloud is threatening on the horizon of Harvard and Yale. The sympathetic *News* has taken up the cudgels for Dartmouth, in reference to the late action of the Intercollegiate Base Ball Association. Forsooth, why does Yale so sympathize with her unfortunate friends at Dartmouth? Surely this is not pure disinterested sympathy. And yet it would seem so, if one were to read only one side of the question. Amherst has always been noted for playing second-fiddle to Yale, and when she once dared to act for herself, independently, she has brought down the wrath of the great mogul. The *News*, after expressing her utter disapprobation of Harvard's action, thus expresses her thorough disgust for Amherst:

"But how shall we characterize Amherst's course? The original scheme of Harvard embraced also the expulsion of Amherst from the league. In her distress, Amherst sought the support of Yale, and the delegates of the latter college stood by her, although they ran a decided risk by so doing. Amherst repaid this kindness by a selfish desertion of Yale the moment the opportunity presented itself. When Harvard, Princeton and Brown found that Amherst and Dart-

mouth, by the help of Yale, could defeat their purpose, they determined to withdraw from the league and form another, leaving out Dartmouth and Yale. Amherst lent herself to this arrangement, the moment a membership in the proposed new league was offered her, and abandoned Yale to her fate, without the slightest compunctions. Fortunately the withdrawal of Dartmouth from the league prevented Amherst's action from working the harm to Yale, which it otherwise would have done."

This sounds as though somebody was "bored." Who is it?

The *Adelphian*, in the number before us, shows a marked improvement, and the cuts in it, while they are not of the highest order of art, still help to enhance the value of the paper. This publication, although the production of an academy, yet ranks very fairly in the college world. Judging from the length of its exchange list, it is welcome on the table of many editors.

Among the most pleasant and cheery of our exchanges, is the *Argo*. Its crisp, bright pages, make it always welcome and popular. We notice in it a marked absence of those tragedies à la *Keno*, which give the *Athenæum* its notoriety. The number at present before us is a typical representative of college journalism, showing how much can be done in this line. The neatly turned verses and the sparkling college stories mark it as the true representative of a large class of college publications. "The College Spy," and "A Spectral Student," give the number a rollicking vein, and render it very entertaining.

Just as we go to press, the *Record* echoes the following

WAIL OF THE JUNIORS.

The study of hygrometers,
Of tangent galvanometers,
Quadrantal electrometers,
Poles, magnets, Leyden-jars,
Potential electroscopes,
Voltaic piles, and spectroscopes,
Conductors, rheometrosopes,
The Junior's pleasure mars.

Our task is done. Our flowing pen swiftly traces our valedictory. "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." Yet we refrain from causing such needless overflow of feeling. To the Exchanges we simply say, farewell.

—"Fare thee well! and if forever,
Then forever, fare thee well."

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